

Love in a M A Z E

O R. The Young man put to his Pen,
 e in this Song you may behold and see
 allant Girl obtain'd by Wit and Honesty;
 To a pleasant New Tune, called, The true Lovers delight; Or, The Lovers Maze.



Late in the morning as I abroad was walking,
 All in a Meadow green, I heard two Lovers talking
 With kisses sweet the young-man her Saluted,
 Then I drew near to hear what they disputed:

Then I drew near to hear what they disputed.

Young-man.

Fair Maid, quoth he, this merry morning,
 Present one smile to me, and be no longer frowning,
 Him who hath vow'd to be thine own for ever,
 O say but to me, Our Loves shall never sever.

O say but to me, &c.

Maid

Indeed Sir, quoth she, it is a merry morning,
 But I would faine you know I always hate frowning,
 And as for love, as yet I mean to smother,
 I know not one as yet I love better than another
 I know not one, &c.

Young-man.

True love, Sweet-heart, quoth he, if e're you chance to know it,
 It cannot smothered be, but at last you'll show it;
 The first time I beheld thy sweet and comely carriage,
 I ever since desired that we were join'd in marriage:
 I ever since desired, &c.

Maid.

Love Sir, quoth she, is like a Fishers Angle,
 Which oft hath golden baits like Maidens to entangle,
 Are cunningly cast out by young mens false inventions,
 Then marriage they'll pretend where 'tis not their inten-
 then marriage they'll pretend, &c.

Young-man.

'Tis so, my Dear, true love is like a fountain
 That casts out water clear out of a Rocky Mountain,
 Whose stream for to stop you'll say it is a wonder,
 Likewise 'tis as strange to cleave the Rocks in sunder:
 Likewise 'tis as strange to cleave the Rocks in sunder.

Such is my love to thee, and shall be ever,
 No unconstant thoughts or fickle mind can sever
 My heart from thee, which always shall be bringing
 Fountains clear & fresh, that from true love is springing,
 Fountains clear and fresh &c.

Maid.

Your comparison, said she, I must confesse is witty,
 To stay the stream of Love it were a pity
 But your heart you compare indeed to rocky mountains
 For stony oft they are, and cast out liberal fountains.
 For stony oft they are, &c.

As from some fountain several streams are running,
 So many signed loves you oft have to your running,
 'Tis hard to pierce your stony heart asunder,
 And stop your fickle streams, it is a wonder;
 And stop your, &c.

Young-man.

He, he, Sweet-heart, your love doth overmatch me,
 No words I can impart but presently you catch me:
 You Maidens now each day do grow so cov' and witty,
 Let young-men beg & pray you'll take of them no pity.
 Let young-men beg, &c.

Maid.

Fie, away for shame you young-men can dissimble,
 Your wits are ripe, your tongues are quick and nimble,
 Indeed you'll beg & pray sometimes to get your pleasure,
 Then leave us in the lurch, & we may repent at leisure:
 Then leave us in the lurch, &c.

Young-man.

Confest it is, there's many are so minded,
 But if thou wouldst prove my Constancy thou'lt find it,
 Do thou but command, through danger I will enter,
 And for to gain thy love, though an army I would venter:
 And for to gain thy love, &c.



Gentle heart I'd have you know, I never could I think
 And my compliments are slow, my tongue was never
 It is none but love that makes me come unto thee,
 It is not for thy wealth but virtue that I love thee.
 With that a Bush of Bays this lovely Maid eloped,
 Near to a bank of Time, whereto she quickly sped,
 Down she pluckt the May that was so green and tender,
 And up she pluckt the time with her pretty Arms so slender
 and up she pluckt, &c.

She stuck the bush of Bays in Time, and did present it
 Unto this young-man, which was soon discontented;
 Here, Sir, quoth she, if that you will be eased,
 Read but this Riddle, Sir, perhaps you may be pleased.
 Read but, &c.

Young man.
 He took it from her hand and receiv'd it as a token,
 Then in a dump did stand, & never a word was spoken;
 Blushing, then at last he modestly replied,
 Your Riddle I can read, Love, and shall not be denied,
 Your Riddle, &c.
 This Bays stuck in Time, which is to me presenting,
 Shews that I may in time gain your love & not contenting
 which if I may, I'll stay your time and leisure.
 No time I'll think too long, nor last I gain the treasure,
 no time, &c.

He took her by the hand and lovingly they walked,
 But tied in Cupids bands most amorously they talk'd,
 Then on each other smil'd with interchanging kisses,
 O'tis pity time beguiled such Lovers of their blisses.
 O'tis pity, &c.

Perhaps, sweet Sir, you by this Riddle reading,
 May think you gain'd me by little or no persuading,
 which if you did, it is yet some pleasure,
 I am not bound to you yet, but you must stay my leisure.
 I am not, &c.

Then let this heart within this breast lies panting,
 No happiness e're see, but let so be ever wanting;
 If e're I think an Evil thought upon thee,
 Let misery be banisht quite, and sorrow wait upon me.
 let mirth, &c.

He to her, quoth she, thou bearest such true affection,
 That I'll agree to be rul'd by thy direction;
 No friend shall sever or break our loves asunder,
 For loyal loving hearts will be the worlds wonder.
 for loyal, &c.

The Time that late was mine to thee shall be presented,
 All that I have is thine, then rest thy self contented;
 Thy Gallant wit, thy Modesty and Carriage,
 Hath won my heart, we will be joined in marriage.
 hath won, &c.

Young-man.

He took her at her word, and modestly replied,
 Short time I will afford, long time shall be denied;
 This being the first of May, our hearts being join'd and
 Before the fifth day in wedlock we'll be bedded. (wedded
 before, &c.

Nine hundred pound with this maiden he obtained,
 On marriage day was paid, which by his wit he gained;
 Altho' no means he had, she never a whit repented,
 He was a gallant Lad, and she was well contented.
 he was, &c.

Now all you pretty Maids that live in Town or City,
 The Author you perswades to learn from this his ditty,
 If a young man you love, look not then for his treasure,
 For if he honest prove in him is wealth and pleasure:
 for if, &c.

You Young-men I'll perswade to hear my motion,
 For if you affect a maid, regard not then her portion;
 Hang ten pounds, give me the Lass that loves me,
 If a good wife thou'lt find, no Joy on Earth's above thee
 if a good, &c.

Young-men and maids that lately went a Maying,
 Hark the Dightingale, one tune he's always playing,
 Ring, jug, jug, sweet, is all the note he singeth,
 As when loyal Lovers meet, no double tongues they bring
 as when, &c. (et)

All you pretty Maids that are civil in your carriage,
 This Song is sent to you to be wary in your marriage
 Try before you trust, be careful in consenting,
 That when the knot is tied, there may be no repenting
 that when the knot is tied, there may be no repenting.

FINIS